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THE SONGS OF COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

By MAJOR SLATER.

(From the December "Musical Salvationist.")

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to deal with the songs of this writer without growing enthusiastic in the task. To use language at all appreciative of their merits, one has to employ a vast number of adjectives, and to lay one's self open, perhaps, to the charge from those who do not know them of exaggeration. In what we have to say, however, we shall seek to be just, giving a plain and honest opinion, yet without checking any enthusiasm over the merits of these songs, such as could not but arise, we believe, in any truly poetic and musical person who gave them any consideration. We trust our remarks will lead to a more intelligent appreciation of these treasures of some among those who already know something of them, and an earnest and eager desire to get and study them on the part of those who at present are strangers to them.

I. The songs of this writer are of the most varied character. He has taken the whole range possible to religious song, gaining unobtainable success in each class of work he has taken in hand. He is equally at home in writing a congregational song as a solo. The power at grasping and giving a fitting expression to a suitable for a song has proved itself as efficient when dealing with a bright, happy, and almost humorous tale as when dealing with matters of the greatest importance and solemnity. Some of his songs are most tender and pathetic, while others are full of a martial ring and dash that carry everyone away who hears them. The war songs are truly excellent, and yet not greater than his slower and softer pieces.

II. Not only are we struck with the variety in the general character of his songs, but our admiration rises to a very high pitch when we analyze the work they contain, proportioning to each family engaged the part for which in the whole it has to be executed. One is continually being arrested by some beautiful idea, some fascinating phrase, some splendid bit of poetic work and happy union of thought and language. As a result, we feel that no writer more justly deserves the title of poet. But we do not proceed far on this line of appreciation before we have undisturbed evidence forced upon our attention of a equal claim to be called a musician. In times have been sung and played, melody there more often than those of the Commandant, and yet they all maintain a remarkable amount of richness and force, with an individuality stamped upon them that is unquestionable. The Commandant has not many imitators, but few failed to the songs that have equaled his originality and abiding power.

III. What a magnificent work has been done by these songs! For some sixteen or fifteen years these songs have been as much a part of the Salvation Army as its uniform, its flag, or other means of working. They have done pioneering work such as give them credit for, often preparing the way for the Army, months, and in some cases years, before any other hymn appeared to carry on any organized effort on ordinary lines. There is not a corps in the Army, this or in any other country, in which these songs have not been used again and again. It is scarcely possible to go into any particular meeting without hearing a solo, a chorus, the verse of a general song that has been written by the Commandant, and not only is a very great deal of an Army's success due to these songs, but the professions of

THE GOD-HONORED WRITER

we come beyond the borders of the Army on a mission of untold blessing amongst God's children in almost any direction. What a host there is to be at the inspiring of God's blessed ones in the heavenly city will acknowledge the Commandant, through his songs, of having been

the human instrument of their salvation!

IV. Besides the direct work these songs have wrought, they have also done a vast deal of good work in stimulating other minds in Army song making, giving us no other songs have done, the best models of the types of song for Army use. To the Commandant is also due the founding and organizing of the Army's Musical Department, whose development he watched and aided with the utmost interest and personal satisfaction, and to a very large extent what the Army is to-day, from a musical standpoint, is due to the enthusiastic example and efforts of Commandant H. Booth.

V. The personal experiences of this writer, out of which his songs have sprung, have been almost as various as his productions, and his own life is in a great measure reflected in his songs. It has been one of the privileges of the writer of this article to see a great deal of the song work of the Commandant in actual progress. He has often wondered how, under the circumstances, the Commandant could produce song after song of such

high merit. Sometimes he has written in seasons of great bodily weakness and acute pain; at times when, from the excessive hours concerned with other duties, he has literally broken down and has been forced to rest; while at other seasons he has had to compose his songs in short intervals hastily snatched from almost unendurable responsibilities of the old Training Home at Clifton, or of the English diocese. It was in some of these cases impossible to imagine anything more unfavorable to song making, and yet from these periods date some of the Commandant's world-wide favorites. It speaks loudly on behalf of the Commandant's innate poetic and musical powers that, in spite of such difficulties, he has accomplished so much really first rate work. We have often wished, and several times we have given expression to the wish in the Commandant's hearing, that he could relieve himself of his other duties and give himself, at least for a few years, to that work entirely in which he has such unquestionable evidence of the Divine approval. What might he not do if free from the cares and difficulties which have so closely beset him, so to throw open the flood gates of his soul in song making without check or hindrance?

VI. Like most other genuine work in song making, the Commandant's efforts commenced spontaneously and without planning to do this or that because of any conscious ability. The

Army's work in France commenced early in 1881. The Marchioness, the Commandant's eldest sister, aided by Miss Soper, now the wife of the Chief of Staff, went to Paris to undertake this important opening. About May of the same year the Commandant went over to assist, and he had a very strange group of duties to take up on his arrival. Minding the Hall door, seeking to quell

A CROWD OF PARISIAN BOULEVARD, attending to the seating and lighting of the place, and also doing a little whitewashing—such were among the many things that he took up with his usual energy on reaching Paris. At this time he was a slim youth of 17 or 18 years of age, and it was at this time in a strange way that he was led into his first efforts at song-making, poetry claiming his attention in the onset, although always musically inclined. A French lady, whose husband became an officer in the French work, possessed a number of secular songs, and it occurred to her that it would be an advantage if some sacred words were put to these tunes, so that they might be used in the meetings. She brought the matter before the Commandant, and he set to work at once. His mastery of French had its limitations, and so it was not long before difficulties arose in his verse making, but then, as now, he was marked by a mind full of resources. He procured some French hymn books, observed their rhythms and metres, and on the information he obtained he went forward, although not without feeling very much like seeking to walk on stilts on a dangerous road. It is probable that the



THE HARMONIC HURRICANERS' BAND.

Major Howell's Travelling Troupe.

work after all was not of such value, but indirectly its effect was of incalculable good upon the Commandant's character, for it opened up to his consciousness the possession of true making capacity. The desire to create was stirred within him, and when the verses were taken from in subsequent efforts, his musical inventiveness won for itself an expression in new melodies that live to-day, after so many years of such constant wear. Thus it was that the Commandant started on his remarkable song-making career, one so evidently owned of God.

(To be continued.)

GLEANINGS.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the rest of meditation, the rest of our career.—Jeremy Taylor.

A good man is united unto God as a flame touches a flame, and continues into splendor and to glory.—Jeremy Taylor.

There is only one kind of hatred, the fruit of which is peace—the hatred of self.—Harr.

Look up! Jesus in the Fountain of good. His life will ever bubble up within if thou wilt ever look up to Him.

THE HARMONIC HURRICANERS' BAND.

Scattered Items in Their Brief Career.

Left Toronto in high expectation. Got \$10 in Oranville repairs and one sold there. At Owen Sound, got \$12.62 in the open-air. Methodist church at night and three souls. Had a great time at Collingwood with the "Bishop." Naval trip from there to Midland. Pretty sick crew. Very successful time.

By the "City of Toronto" to Parry Sound. Got there 8.30 Sunday morning. Immense time. Methodist church Tuesday, eight souls. Glorious. Then French River. Had noisy crowd. Gave them lots of music. They suggested collection, and gave nearly \$9.

The Manitoulin Islands at last. Received with open arms at Little Current. Two souls Sunday night. His most enjoyable time.

What shall we say about Gore Bay? Advance Agent Crawford preaching on Sunday and saw souls saved. Met at the wharf by both Methodist and Presbyterian ministers. Had three souls next meeting. Asked to stay longer.

The Gore Bay Enterprise says: "The Harmonic Hurricaners' Band of the Salvation Army paid our town a visit during the beginning of this week. They held meetings in the Methodist church on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and certainly, if crowded houses each night shows appreciation, they were appreciated to the full. The spacious church was packed to the doors each evening, standing room being at a premium. The band consists of eight pieces, six brass instruments, a clarinet and drum, and the music they produce is indeed extremely creditable for so small a company, and the people of Gore Bay during their short stay enjoyed a musical treat such as they seldom receive. Their evangelistic work was moderately successful. They are a hustling lot, apparently very much in earnest, and we trust very much good will result from their labors."

Then comes the Soo. Baptist church first night. Prayer called us "Religious Tramps." Took Music Hall Sunday afternoon. \$10 and two souls.

Across to the American "Soo." Packed out. Souls at every meeting. Called by the press "Christian warriors."

Back to Canada. Had a S-B. meeting in the Methodist church at the Soo. Got \$15 for S-B.

Then per \$8. "Atlantic" to Thousand. Not expected. Joined by Adjutant Ayre here. Music Hall crowded. On Sunday, half went to the Methodist church and half to Presbyterian. Monday night a S-B. meeting in Presbyterian church. Result of visit, 10 souls and \$68.

Landed at Watford in a hurricane of wind and snow. Looked discouraging, but we're undaunted at our success. People turned out en masse. The Rev. Mr. Newton helped us grandly, and came with us to

Newton, bringing his portable organ. He was very kind.

At Wellwood, the Rev. Mr. Brown met us at the depot and arranged all things for us. We had the church at night and had the place packed out, and came with us to

Since starting, we have seen 15 souls at the cross.

Prof. Little has composed two marches entitled "Harmonic Hurricaners" and "Peck's Bad Boy," which he plays during the collection. (Note—"Peck's Bad Boy" is Lieut. Rothburn.)

OUR NEW FARM is on the boom. The celebrating farmers speak very highly of the arrangements. It will increase the value of their farms.

THE Australian War Cry issued a magnificent lithograph of the General in four colors, simultaneously with its first report of the General's meetings.

THE KNIGHTS' RET. our Norwegian War Cry, and no less than six of our standard rate in one of its recent numbers.

as the strike which was to take us to Roseland could not carry half that number of passengers, the S. A. were among those who "got left," and a man, seeing our uniform, stepped up to me to know if we could "give them a meeting," as they never had any church there. While undecided as to what we should do, a man said if we wanted to go to Roseland that night he would take us in a nice, well sprung wagon. The S. A. decided to go.

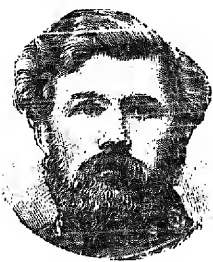
THE GENERAL REACHES NEW ZEALAND.

Received Right Royally!

Two-thirds of Wellington's Citizens Take Part in the Reception.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN A HUSTLER.—123 SEEKERS FOR MERCY.

"WATCH the flag-staff on Mount Victoria, and as soon as you see the streamer go up, make for the wharf as fast as ever you can." This was the first command of Brigadier Hoskin, at Wellington, the New Zealand Colony top man, the night before the General's arrival at that paradise of the southern seas.



COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

When the "Birchmota," bearing the General, Commissioners Coombs, and Colard, Colonel Lawley, and Major Milne, arrived in the Wellington roadstead, Brigadier Hoskin, Major Brantford, and Berkeidshaw, and other New Zealand celebrities, stemmed off in the "Dingo" to give them a preliminary welcome. Soon afterwards the General stopped ashore, and received an Australian welcome, and that's saying enough. Two-thirds of the population took part.

Amongst the mass of Salvationists who lined up on the wharf was a contingent of Maories. Dressed in their native costume, and waving boules in their hands, they rendered their greetings in song. In the usual flowery fashion of their race, extolling the distinguished visitor, who was just landing upon New Zealand shores, furling a banner in the accompaniment of the words, they showed by their gesticulations and happy, joyous faces, that it was not merely a matter of sentiment with them, but that it gave them an actual pleasure to take part in the welcome; indeed, as one looking upon their bright, happy faces, and noting the abandon with which they threw themselves into the spirit of both dance and song, could have thought other than that they were greeting one who was both honored and dear to them.



A Couple of Maori Maidens. Officers in the U. A.

Amongst the party was a Maori woman—a tall, powerful specimen of her race—who was converted in the General's meetings at Wellington four years ago. On that occasion she had with her a baby girl, which she was nursing when she came to the penitential farm. This child, subsequently dedicated by the name of "General Booth," was moved by the General while she remained at the penitential farm, and the baby, now five years of age, had been brought down from Otago to see the man who had nursed her four years before. The eagerness this creature displayed was very touching. The story is an interesting one, and it is worthy of note that the Maori convert of four years ago is spoken of by her officers today as a loyal and consistent Salvationist. She is known to her Otago comrades as Mrs. Francis Robert Skilwith; her husband is also a soldier, and her children, Kipa Whaitani and Horei Kipa, are being trained as Jankers.

On the wharf, Mr. C. M. Laker, Wellington's Mayor, Sir Robert Stout, several members of Parliament, and clergy were also present. The General, in replying to the warm welcome given him, said he believed his own presence to be the concern of the day, and he came to New Zealand to represent that work. He came as the friend of the municipalities, as the friend of the capitalists, and the friend of the working man; for the Salvation Army believed in Government, and believed that in doing so they were the true friends of the poor. In closing, the General said: "God bless the Mayor! God bless the Government! God bless New Zealand! God bless the Salvation Army! and God bless the General!" his fervent utterances being greeted with loud cheers and hallelujahs!

The city was gaily decorated with flags and bunting in honor of the occasion. Colonel Lawley, in giving his testimony when the huge procession came to a halt, said he was well saved, and loved God with his whole heart. "I fell in love with Him when He saved me, and I have been in love with Him ever since."

Next came a day with God in the Wellington Opera House—a day of "boundless salvation."

Here are some of the General's sword-thrusts:—

"Now, let this day be one of squaring up of accounts with God Almighty, a Hallelujah Communion meeting. Let everybody be made sweet, that the angels in Heaven may smell you after off the hallelujah incense!"

"All sin is filthy, and sin stinks in the nostrils of the Almighty. Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh. All sin is evil; no matter how you dress it up, no matter how you whitewash it, it remains an evil thing, a thing working misery and damnation in the world."

"It is your sin, my brother, it is your sin, my sister, that squibs your heavenly paradise. God wants you to be happy! He wants you to be a man of power. He wants you to be a woman of power."

"Is your heart clean? Oh, this is the question for us to-day! Is your heart clean? In writing to the Christians, Paul was not talking to the sinners, but to the Christians—to the rank people of the corps (volleys, applause, and laughter); to the local officers, the Captains, Majors, Commissioners; those were the people to whom General Paul was speaking. 'Let us!'—Paul was speaking to 'the clearly behaved'; not the angels, they need



no cleaning, but to us. How far were we to be cleansed? From part of our sin? From three-quarters, seven-eighths, nine-tenths, ninety-nine hundredths? How much? All! Spelt it with an 'A'—A-L-L! Appearances set us cleanse ourselves from all iniquities of the flesh. It is not men for the Bible, but God Who saves; and it matters not whether you are rich or poor, God is powerful enough to save you."

Colonel Lawley handled the prayer meeting. Sir Robert Stout, are coming quickly to the front, and saints are seeking the higher blessing. The twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth arrives in quick succession, and then—

"Dear Jesus is the One I love," rings sweetly through the building. "Think God, here comes the thirtieth down the steps," says the Colonel. "It takes a high tide to reach the gallery, but it is getting there. Look out, you people in the gallery, or you will be drowned. Come down, you Zacheuses." "I believe," exclaims the General, who has been watching with interest the progress of the battle. Another from the dress circle, and then Colonel Lawley cries, "Do you believe He can save another sinner?" "Yes!" "Then turn to your next-door neighbor and say, 'I believe!'" No sooner said than done, and while the words were being spoken, he comes the thirty-fifth, and with yet another soul won for the Master, making thirty-six in all, the meeting comes to a close. "Praise God for what He's done for me," says the Colonel. "And for me," cries Commissioner Coombs; and all raised from the folk who had risen to their feet the answer comes. "For me," while all hands join in singing, "Praise God, I'm saved." The Colonel's closing prayer was characteristic. "Lord, we are so happy. Two winds are blowing a hurricane outside; may we have a gale inside to-night, and may the devil's canvas be torn to ribbons. Let us have the most glorious triumph this day that the heavenly fleet has ever known. Amen and amen."

This is the style of thing that went on all day, till 57 seekers were forward.

A meeting with the Ministers' Association, and then a Soldiers' Council in a Baptist church came on next day. In the latter about thirty-five persons came to the mercy-seat. At night the Wellington campaign concluded with a big Social meeting. Hon. J. A. Seddon, Premier, presided. Sir Robert Stout and Colonial Treasurer Hon. J. G. Wood spoke in highly appreciative terms. It was a brilliant assemblage of legislators, lawyers, doctors, divines, the elite of the city, as well as the general public, this hundred and twenty-three souls were forward through the campaign.

DEAL IT OUT!

If you've a thousand pounds to spare.
Deal it out!
And let the needy have a share.
Deal it out!
Thousands are suffering keenest want.
And work and cash and food are scant.
So pray, if you possess the pound,
Deal it out!

If God has blessed your stock and store.
Deal it out!
In return He'll give you more.
Deal it out!
Do not like the miser live.
Hoarding all that you receive.
Give as God to you hath given.
Deal it out!

Lazarus is at your gate.
Deal it out!
Hungering, starving, gnat state.
Deal it out!
Can you hear your brother cry?
Can you see him drop and die?
The help he needs, you have it nigh.
Deal it out!

"Feed My Sheep," the Master said.
Deal it out!
That the hungry may be fed.
Deal it out!
If you have no cash on hand,
Cheques made "payable on demand."
With a ready mark command,
Deal it out!

Soon you'll have to leave it all.
Deal it out!
Even now may come the rain.
Deal it out!
When you're dead and gone, no doubt,
Some will squander it about.
Perdition some days, idle "bout."
Deal it out!

—Arthur W. Rowan, in Social Gazette.



How the GENERAL wrote for the Xmas "Cry."

A Hallelujah AT FREDERICK

Bandman Lyons McKinney Ma

I arrived by boat down the St. John River, and I found that the band was in shape. At 7.30 p.m. and with martial steps, we marched to meet Brigadier and the General. Everybody seemed to be waiting for the band to arrive. We arrived at the hotel at 8.15. The Brigadier and the General were met by the press and the public.

ENTHUSIASM WAS some good testimonies from the old band. The band was in shape. At 7.30 p.m. and with martial steps, we marched to meet Brigadier and the General. Everybody seemed to be waiting for the band to arrive. We arrived at the hotel at 8.15. The Brigadier and the General were met by the press and the public.

At the word of the Brigadier, the party front, and after patient answering the knot was

SPECTRE

and the kiss played back and forth. Brigadier gave the order to the band. The band was in shape. At 7.30 p.m. and with martial steps, we marched to meet Brigadier and the General. Everybody seemed to be waiting for the band to arrive. We arrived at the hotel at 8.15. The Brigadier and the General were met by the press and the public.

S-D, the only to St. John District

G. O. P. S.

The Hurricane grandly. Some money raised to

The band has been from the p

We will not miss received from St. Mary's. Black and White grand trip in the joy yourself, go season. I have four Provinces. Now Hallelujah, trip beats all.

Capt. Daniel at North Bay, saved. Soldiers

Ensign tables, have had late cases saved sin

The D. S. A. last Sunday at noon at night.

Good news r. D. P. is on

Our Advice B. ed. south-land. The opened at Headquarters. General Booth's Commissioner appointed as

A Ballelnjah Wedding At FREDERICTON.

Bandman Lyons and Sister McKinney Made One.

I arrived by boat, after running down the St. John river. The trip was homeward. I found Capt. Brindley and Lieut. Miller all in a lovely getting things in shape for the "happy event." At 7.30 p.m. we formed up, and with martial step, and music and song, we marched to the depot. As we marched down the front street, everybody seemed to know a wedding was to take place on this historic 14th day of November, 1895.

We arrived at the barracks, and found it packed. Adjutant and Mrs. McGilvery were munificent to take part, being on their "bride trip," as the press calls it.

ENTHUSIASM WAS RAMPANT.

We had some grand speeches and some grand testimonies. Mrs. Scott read the old Psalm and spoke very clearly to all in the hall. She gave the bride and bridegroom some good advice. Mrs. McGilvery sang a solo and spoke of the joy Jesus gives to all who love and obey Him. Adj. McGilvery was then called on to speak of his experience in married life, the bridegroom feeling them to be his "happy experience." After singing "My John," he spoke in glowing terms of the "united state," and also tried to influence the married to seek the Saviour.

At the word of command from the Brigadier, the parties came to the front, and after a few minutes' patient answering of solemn pledges the knot was

SECURELY TIED.

and the kiss placed on the bride's cheek amid cheers and salutations. Brigadier gave them some very fatherly counsel, as he can do, and in a few minutes the very enthusiastic, and also impressive, meeting was brought to a close. Afterwards, the corps and officers had a dinner with the bride and bridegroom, and many were the congratulations tendered the couple, showing that they were loved and esteemed for their faithful service in the ranks of the grand old Army. Everybody went away pleased, and I understand some more are impressed.

So, the only topic of interest now, St. John District means victory.

ANNOUNCED.

C. O. P. Scintillations.

The "Hurlemers" Band are doing grandly. Souls are getting saved and money raised to help on the war.

—020—

The band has received every kindness from the people up north.

—020—

We will not soon forget the kindness received from officers of the Saint Etc. Marie band, both the Black and White Lines. We had a grand trip indeed. If you want to enjoy yourself, go up to the Sea next season. I have been all over three of our Provinces, namely, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario, but this trip beats all.

—020—

Capt. Plumb is having a grand time at North Bay. Souls are getting saved. Soldiers on fire.

—020—

Ensign Gilhe, Sandburg, writes: "We have had lately some of the best cases saved since the opening here."

—020—

The P. S. and Mrs. Howell spent last Sunday at Lager Street. Three souls at night.

—020—

Good news received from all points. C. O. P. is on the rise. T. H.

Our Advice Bureau for mind-distressed, soul-troubled persons is about to be opened at the Army International Headquarters. Commissioner and Consul Barth-Tucker, Miss Barth, Commissioner Howard and others are appointed as advisers in this Bureau.

From Mrs. Booth's Office Table.



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

(My Motto.)

MY DESIRE FOR THEE!

That thou may'st daily gather Fresh droppings of His love,
For ever round thee falling.
As manna from above;
That ever, midst the worry Of busy outward life,
Thine inward one may flourish Unhindered by the strife;
That thou may'st know His presence, To brighten all the way,
And prove His grace sufficient For each succeeding day;
That more increased attractions In Jesus thou may'st see,
And mine is but an echo,
Of His desire for thee.

John xvii. 15.

HERE is a charming little incident from one of the Rescue Homes. One could scarcely find anything more truly typical of the Rescue work.

"We have a nice little girl in the Home now, who came out of one of the worst dens in the city. Her mother ran away from the place at night and came to the Home. She was obliged to leave her child behind her, as she could not get it off them."

"The next morning I went to the house for the child with a policeman. It was nearly to go alone. The woman was FURIOUS, losing the girl and the child too! She used dreadful language! Heaped it on me, and on the Salvation Army. Her loud talk

attracted a crowd of men and boys. Two more policemen arrived, and I was the centre of attraction in the row. But I came off conqueror. WITH THE CHILD. I was pretty hot, though—so ashamed of her vile talk!"

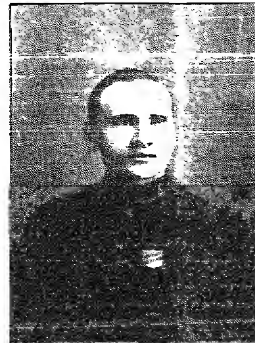
"I had to take the little girl without coat or hat, but a lady got her a little hood, and I am expecting to get her a coat soon. The mother of the child has promised to get saved since."

"Our nursery is very interesting."

This comes from the Toronto Children's Shelter. Surely someone will respond. "We are needing some carpet for the 'Babies' room badly. I thought if you would let the people know through the 'Cry' somebody might send some that they do not want."

Oh, how such little comforting notes as this do cheer our hearts. "I cannot just express my feelings for you and the dear Commandant in this trying hour, but I feel sure that the God who has stood by you in other difficulties will stand by you now. Captain and I, and the Lieutenant, too, have set aside TEN MINUTES EVERY DAY in prayer for you. I feel sure prayer is going to be answered. God bless you. We love you and believe in you with all our hearts." So writes a Captain's wife in the midst of her own busy rush of work.

Correspondence.



Capt. Davidson, Iceland, writes to Shea.

We have received the first number of the Icelandic War Cry, and give our readers a reproduction of the same.

Davidson is evidently pleased for his work. Notice what he says to Shea:

A thousand thanks for your cheering letter of the 10th July. It is like a fresh watermelon on a warm Manitoba day to get a little refreshing and cheering note from friends. In these lonely polar regions

"Glory to God! I am still saved and happy in the Lord. These past few months have been eventful indeed with us. We are in full swing with our War Cry, and I send you herewith a copy. It promises to be a good little child, and it has been received with great favor among high and low. We had received over 100 paid up subscriptions before there was one line set in type. The Bishop, two judges, and four ministers are among the subscribers."

You can imagine that I will have plenty to do when you hear that I am the only officer that can speak or write the language; and I must edit the Cry, and write all English correspondence, beside my camp work. But God is helping me, and us all, wonderfully. Souls are being saved, and soldiers made, but things are a bit stiff. Oh, that I had somebody to kick up a little row and scare the devil!"

The Adjutant will be in London next week, and the Lieutenant and I will be home for five weeks.

Can you help me any? Yes, my dear comrade, you can! The War Cry is hungry. Cannot you send me some story of your adventures among the Blackfoot Indians, or some tale that will make one's blood run cold, and some soul saving that will make it turn warm again? I shall be glad to transcribe it into Icelandic for my dear little "Her-apti."

God bless you much, my old friend

TH. J. DAVIDSON, Captain.

Iceland work: Hjalpræðishersins trykkin-farmna ferslagninga- og upplýsinga-ferðir, og öðrum, frá þeim Cry.

Salvation Newslets.

The first barracks leased in Japan accommodates four hundred.

Major Plummer has presented the first colors to the new Pioneer corps.

Applications continue to arrive at the British Candidates' Department.

"All the World" is being reduced in price one-half, and to a new low price.

A report from Major Jackson, Germany, describes the dedication of God and the Army of the Netherlands that (unpublished) witnessed by Commissioner McKie.

Intensive premises have been taken right in the heart of busy, Manchester for a Trade Centre.

Twelve for salvation and a much head for conversation in Commissioner Howard's record at Bristol for a week-end.

Mánaðartíðindi Hjalpræðishersins.

Nr. 1 W. Hoek, Reykjavík, Október, 1895



FAITHFUL AND EARNEST, He has Gone to His Reward!

"Brother Bachelor is dead." The words spoken so solemnly seemed to have such an effect upon us. Nobody would have thought on Sunday night, when we shook hands with him in the barracks, marched with him, and heard him tell how happy he was, that we should on Tuesday see him cold in death. And yet it was true. Four years ago, Bro. Bachelor sat in an Army meeting and heard the message of salvation. When the invitation was given for any person wishing to be saved to come forward, he volunteered, came and cried to God to save him. A short time after, he rose to his feet, saying, "Thank God, my burden is gone." Not long after

he was enrolled as a soldier, and during the past four years has

ALWAYS BEEN AT HIS POST

whenever it was possible for him to do so. Not being very strong physically, he could not do as much as he wanted to, but has always been noted for his earnestness and his great desire to see others coming to God. Last Sunday night he marched and stood in the meeting as usual. On Monday he worked all day, and Tuesday morning was taken with apoplexy and died at 5 p.m. We held a memorial service on Sunday night, and it will long be remembered by many in that meeting. Three souls sought and found Jesus, making four for the day. One comrade will be missed, but our loss is Heaven's gain. The bereaved friends have our warmest sympathy. Little M. Lefebvre, for Capt. Rutledge.

War Cry.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
unification of the saved, together with the propaga-
tion of the Salvation Army in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

There is, at the time of writing, an ominous silence in the matter of war despatches from our fighting men on the front. The whole Territory is in the throes of the great Self-Denial fight, and now has come the tug-of-war.

Victory, however, is emblazoned on our banners. With clean hearts and willing hands we claim victory in the name of our King, and none shall stop us.

Aboard, there is progress. The General's reception and opening campaign in Australia has been in the highest degree gratifying. Fancy, two-thirds of Wellington's population to meet him at the wharf! Truly the man of the people. We rejoice with the whole Army, and give glory to God over our General's success.

Thus the English Cry on the proposed Indian Scheme.

The fact, however, that our leader's visit to India will be employed in this direction should pulsate the whole Army with hope and fresh confidence. Only the essentially native and national character of our missionary work, for which we have had to contend against the prejudices and envy of others who have treated us as rivals instead of brethren, could make it possible for the General to lay hold of this theory and perplexing Social question; but India looks upon the Salvation Army as belonging to it. To those whose Christianity or humanity is neither local nor provincial, the success of the Social Scheme in this country will open a new vista, should its principles be adapted to the needs of the finished races of India. Then, viewed retrospectively, this proposal should swell our faith in the presence and operation of the Spirit of Christ in us as an organization. As Christ's ministry brought Him more and more in touch with the world of disease and suffering, and sorrow, so His Spirit in us is leading us nearer and nearer the same masses of human woe in those our days. Let us ponder over the suggestiveness of this fact, and not despond. Nay, let us be more. As officers and soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, let us cultivate the gift of feeling—for many, alas, in this land are to be found within stone-towers of our buildings who have not bread to eat nor a hope of Heaven to warm their cheerless lives. More comes of divine feeling than statecraft and worldly wisdom.

LATE ARRIVALS!

ACCEPTED!

Adjutant McMillan writes thus: "DEPT. GOODWIN, of CARLETON, B.C., accepts Lieut. Selig's challenge to collect the most money for S.-D. sent. Folig's challenge was to any male lieutenant by the East."

HERR'S GENUINE PLUCK.

This letter came in on Dec. 3rd, and it gave it an example of sterling determination. Here's success to Ross!

A few soldiers in Greenland, B. C., here a corps is not yet opened, and the members of any other town or city where a corps is not established to collect more money for Self-Denial, from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, in the Dominion of Canada.
F. W. BAUER,
Secretary (on furlough).

The Salvation Army in Great Britain has nearly got back in men and money all she has given to other countries.

Mrs. Booth Ministers with Song and Story — TO THE — INMATES OF THE MERCER REFORMATORY.

At the Head of Her League of Mercy.

"O'er the dark and cruel regions,
Where the slaves of sin
abound,
There are voices ever calling
From the ruined, crushed, and
bound;
There are wrongs that need redress-
ing,
There are faces who challenge fight,
There are giants need repressing,
Darkened souls who need the light."

BY THE KIND PERMISSION OF
THE AUTHORITIES OF THE Mercer, a most effective meeting was held by Mrs. Booth in the chapel of this remarkable institution.

The devoted members of the League of Mercy and a few officers from the Rescue and Shelter Homes accompanied her.

In common with all other meetings under the supervision of Mrs. Booth, this one was characterized not only by its spiritual force and simplicity, but more especially with that exquisite charm of music coming from the depths of a sensitive, sensitized, conquering spirit, and setting the heart-strings of all listeners vibrating to melodies sung for many a long day—many a long year, maybe, in some instances.

Anything more plaintively touching can scarcely be pictured than the effect on the sin-saddened audience as her pleading voice hung on the ear of one of her notes:

"Here bring thy BROKEN heart,"
and then trembled into:

"Here bring thy BROKEN heart,"
Little words, but they penetrated clear through the crust of indifference and despondency that had been wrought by wrong and its inseparable twin-sister, misery.

Hearts melted, and hard-wrung tears flowed from eyes that were used to regarding iniquity; young girls or grey-haired women they all awoke were learning that the forbidden fruit of the tree of evil turns to ashes in the end, however enticing it may appear at the out-start.

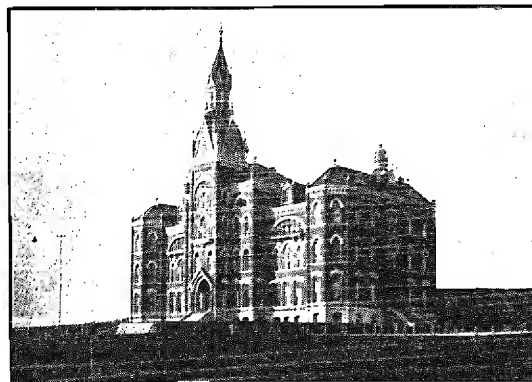
In the prayer meeting, one after another cried to God for mercy with words of sorrow for the black past, with prayers, straight and to the point, for help for the future. Surely there must have been rejoicing among the angels as one after another plunged into the Fountain filled with blood.

We cannot but believe that these contraries will be answered, and souls, once black, will become beautiful in God's sight.

Every assistance within bounds was given, and to the liberal sympathy of those who have the direction of affairs the Army owes chances that the very angels in Heaven might envy, the unspeakable privilege of carrying the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ—crucified and risen—to some of those who are standing the most desperately in need of it.

God speed the League, with the sign of the snow-white cross on a crimson ground.

May these soldier-women continue with renewed enterprise under the officership of Mrs. Adjutant Phillips.



IDAHO STATE UNIVERSITY AT MOSCOW.

One of our recent openings.

Pacific Pointers.

DILLON.—Interest is going up. But her goth. Good meetings and crowds. Three souls last night, one A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.—Dr. Dyer, Captain. (P.M. a drama, Mr. Editor.) They want one for the corps) (Note.—The comments are by Ensign Ed.)

MOSCOW, IDAHO. — The S. A. invaded this town about two and a-half months ago. The officers, Capt. Gillette and wife, have had quite a few converts during that time, of whom about fifteen come now on the march and testify on the platform. The interest is keeping up and the crowds are splendid. The Captain has his quarters neatly furnished, by the help of the good people of Moscow. Some ladies supplied carpet-rugs and came to a tea, which furnished not only the weaver's material, but also raised the expense of weaving. Four ladies don the bonnets. I spent Saturday and Sunday here, and we had splendid at-

tendance. Captains Milner and Ramsdell assisted to make the meetings interesting, and Sisters Davidson and Diamond helped with song and music. Two souls found salvation. One of them got through with a shout. There are about 200 students here at the State University, besides a large number of high school pupils. May their lives be claimed for God by a persistent and faithful corps of blood-and-fire warriors of the Redding Land.—B.P.

The Chief-of-the-Staff has announced that the Salvation Army in Great Britain will shortly commence a new undertaking on behalf of the 100,000 destitute and dumb natives of that country.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker has gone to India. He will place his wide Indian knowledge at the service of the General in perfecting a scheme which is intended to grapple with the starvation problem among the poor of India.

Victory Complete IN THE LAW COURT.

THE COMMANDANT VINDICATED!

Chief-Justice Armour QUASHES CASE BEFORE DEFENCE UTTERS A WORD.

[THE LATEST—JUST BEFORE GOING TO
PRESS.]

The action for libel brought by ex-Brigadier de Barratt against the Commandant has resulted in a glorious victory for the Army's side. The Commandant having come out of the ordeal unscathed and thoroughly vindicated. The letter from the Commandant to Colonel Bremner, which was alleged to contain the libellous statement about Mr. de Barratt, Chief Justice Armour declared to be a privileged communication, the plaintiff, therefore, had to prove that it was written with malice. So far from doing so, when at the evidence on the plaintiff's side had been heard, and before one word had been uttered in defence of the Commandant, the Justice dismissed the case, declaring that no malicious intent had been shown on the part of the Commandant, nor did it seem that he had any view of injuring the plaintiff.

PERSONALIA.

The Commandant is expected to pay a visit to England shortly.

Major Dean, late of Australia, is appointed to the Canterbury Division.

Commissioner Bishop has just started in Sweden a Home for deaf and dumb.

Major Stanley Evans is prospecting in Barcelona before proceeding to Madrid.

The General is expected to return to England about the 15th or 16th of March.

Major Jellicoe takes charge of the Light Brigade Department for the United Kingdom.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker left his town on Tuesday, November 19th, accompanied by Major Ingham.

Major Jackson, Chief Secretary of Germany, is working almost night and day at the Berlin Headquarters.

Adjutant Mills and Ensign Ross will be married on December 10th. They will have a happy Christmas for sure.

Capt. Wirtz, the sportsman, who has been training in London, went to Madrid on Friday, 15th, his wife having preceded him.

Consul Booth-Tucker writes a long letter each week to all the Territorial leaders dealing with the leading events of the war.

The Chief of the Staff spent a day at Hadleigh Farm Colony, and reports the health and spirit of the whole concern to be thriving.

Staff-Captain Fredell has taken up a distinct and important piece of work, under Colonel Bremner, in the British Trade Department.

The Queen of Sweden, a great friend of the Salvation Army, was a regular attendant at a recent convention "for the deepening of spiritual life."

Commissioner McKie's campaign at Stettin was going in gloriously up to the time of milking; sixteen souls were at the cross, and numbers unable to gain admission to the crowded hall.

Colonel Bremner visited the Manchester Trade Centre at the opening, besides which he met sixty E. O. S. members who were in the hall. He expounded the principles of the "Farming" and conducted the Saturday and Sunday meetings. A total of 86 souls saved was recorded through the meetings of the Trade Staff.



Major Swift told a story recently about a wall bug who, professed to get saved on the Wednesday and was found getting out at another bug on the Friday in a way which brought a memorandum from the Major, and the reply from the youthful convert was, "If a fellow does that to you, MUSTN'T YOU GIVE HIM LANS- GUARD?" The Major was addressing a meeting of officers, and added the naive query, "Wouldn't you have done the same?"

The Poor Man's Palace, situate in Charles street, Clerkenwell, is admirably arranged to accommodate three hundred recumbent men. By half-past eight every evening the shelter is full, and numbers have to be turned away.

Nothing that I can say can convey the gratitude I feel to God for the light He has poured on my soul on this subject, and the degrading

Why not? Oh, why not? The

Mrs. Brannell Booth is attending to those at a convalescent home in the Lower Market Hall, on Ave. H, New York City.

During this last twelve months she has had one hundred and eighty women and girls have passed through our Maternity Hospital at New Street, Providence.

Situations have been found for a large proportion of this number. Some have been restored to their friends, and some have been helped in one way or another.

ropped unobtrusively into your C.R. Box would soon mount up to a big



WEL HOLLAND,
STAFF BAND, will visit the
flowing copy—
agar St. Dec. 15.
Active Musical Services. A 14

and Mrs. Jacobs,
St. Dec. 15; Toronto (Lodge
St. Dec. 15.

er and Social Mus.
arket, Dec. 21, 22.

apt. McMillan,
Lodge St. Dec. 15.

and Mrs. Phillips,
(Temple), Dec. 12.

Provincial Assoc.
statements,
with lantern - Acton, Dec. 11
with lantern - Gresham,
Dec. 10 to 12.

MISSING

period as strictly confidential
to Herbert H. Booth, Cor.
Albert St., Toronto, with the
corner of the envelope
accompany application.

Wardlaw, aged 21, fair
hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., slight
build, then 12 years old, was
Oshawa, Ontario, and
lives now at Hillport, Wis.

Samuel H., age 16, light
hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., slight
build, then 12 years old, was
Oshawa, Ontario, and
lives now at Hillport, Wis.

Edward, aged 19, fair
hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., slight
build, then 12 years old, was
Oshawa, Ontario, and
lives now at Hillport, Wis.

William, aged 19, fair
hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., slight
build, then 12 years old, was
Oshawa, Ontario, and
lives now at Hillport, Wis.

Edward Douglas, aged 19, fair
hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., slight
build, then 12 years old, was
Oshawa, Ontario, and
lives now at Hillport, Wis.

Frank Jones, aged 19, fair
hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., slight
build, then 12 years old, was
Oshawa, Ontario, and
lives now at Hillport, Wis.

James, aged 19, fair
hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., slight
build, then 12 years old, was
Oshawa, Ontario, and
lives now at Hillport, Wis.

John, aged 19, fair
hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., slight
build, then 12 years old, was
Oshawa, Ontario, and
lives now at Hillport, Wis.

John, aged 19, fair
hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., slight
build, then 12 years old, was
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THE DIVINE LIFE IN MAN!

CONSECRATION—WHAT? A HOLINESS TALK,

BY
**COLONEL KILBEY, Chief Secretary,
Australia.**

(Colossians III.)

"CONSECRATION is not an act, it is a life!" In these days there is a great deal said and a great deal sung about consecration. All that is beautiful, and grand, and noble about it has been brought to bear upon the hearts of thousands, hands have been uplifted, tears have been shed, and from many lips have come the beautiful refrain,

"My all is on the altar,
I'll take it back no more."

but, alas, how many have failed to realise the truth above ascribed, namely, that "consecration is not an act, it is a life!" How often have stained hands been laid on the altar of sacrifice, almost before the sound of the consecration song had died away. To-day the world wants more than songs, sighs and tears. Of those things it has had abundance, it wants LIVES—holy lives, consecrated lives, lives that will be lived not in part but in whole for God and eternity; lives unfettered and untrammelled with sin; lives that are dead to a world's enticements, and alive only to God and a dying world's needs.

Does our consecration really amount to this, or is it only a limited affair, out and torn, and likely to die out at any moment? A something that neither God or man can put confidence in, a something that was merely an act, and since then has really only been a **SILENT** life, with a little outward show of consecration here and there? Depend upon it, if this is so it is really NO consecration, and the world knows it.

HE KNOWS IT

and life who knows the secrets of every heart has never been blind to it. For Jesus to occupy the manger bed was one thing, but to go right through to Calvary was another. The throne in glory vacated was an act, before it could be once more occupied there and thirty years of toil and suffering had to be lived, praise God, WAS LIVED—THAT WAS CONSECRATION. What does our consecration amount to? Is it a life concern, or merely a name?

My God help us each to seek to live only that life that shall be permeated with the Spirit of Him "Who pleased not Himself!"

SHOT FOR SOLDIERS.

Daniel Quorum says, "We shan't get jobs very often to come into a desert place and rest awhile if we, like the disciples, forget to take bread."

If we cannot find time to work for others may find plenty in which to suffer for himself.—Hannah Moore.

Many favors which God giveth us reveal our fear of want of healing, thro' our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them.—Pulley.

There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by making His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.—Ruskin.

They buried the body out of sight, and went and told Jesus.—Matt. xiv. 12. Let us do just this with the snail, the insult, the unkind act—bury it out of sight, and go and tell Jesus.—Dr. Wright.

A life without self-abnegation is a magnolia without perfume.

Proximity to goodness and companionship with right will never save a soul. You may sleep night after night with a Bible under your pillow, and yet suffer the torments of nightmare.

The man who can shout "Amen" the loudest isn't necessarily the man of deepest spiritual experience. The strength of a forger determines its value as a wind instrument only.

thing down angrily, the slamming of a door—these are sometimes the channels through which an oath finds expression.

"Lie not one to another." There it is again. Seeing you have put off, you are not to be felt there; thank God for that fact; you are to put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge, etc. If there is anything under God's Heaven I am grateful for it is that He gives more in return than what we give up. Some people's idea is that God is going to take everything and give nothing; but when God strips us of the old regiments it is that we may be equipped with new and better ones. If He calls for the surrender of a few transitory pleasures, it is only to make room for those that are eternal. If the call means the loss of worldly gain, it also means the finding of inestimable and undying riches. It is that your small heart may be made bigger; that your constricted, narrow nothing may be made wider; that your barren life may be made fruitful; that your useless life be made useful; and that the desire simply to save yourself may be turned into a desire of saving others. Now the call comes to you, and although you may have been turning round and round the holiness table for years, if you will now put off the old man a new life and a successful career are before you.

CONFESSIONS

AN EX-OFFICER.

Culled, after a Lapse of Time,
from His Private Manuscript.

I DO LOVE God with all my heart and soul, and went through life to serve Him, but where?

I always have believed, and do now, that he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. That as only stewards over what we possess here below, we should get the best out of it for our Master's glory.

The question is, where can I do that? I thought as an officer that I was not doing much, and settling down, I did not try as I should. Oh, God forgive me!

I studied to fit myself for a worldly position more than I studied to save men. A wonder is how I was ever so successful as I was.

If we cannot trust God for our support, how can we trust Him for our salvation? It is the same word that promises the both. If we doubt Him in the one, is it not very likely we shall soon be doubting Him in the other?

Why can I not be satisfied as a soldier? You could do more for God! You could do more for God! My very bones cry out within me, my heart gets heavy and sad. I see the sin, and so few to go out and battle for God against it. The feeling comes over me—oh, I can live on bread and water, if God requires, so that I can save or warn people and be in a position to help those who heed.

I should not listen to what people say, but have a firm principle, grounded on a knowledge of God and His will concerning me, and go forward to live it out. God helping me, I will.

Comparing our privileges with any other denomination, I now feel they are greater. We can talk publicly to more people than most ministers by our many meetings, outside and in. We have the world as our parish.

True, there are many difficulties; but did God promise us there would not be?

Our work is not to be judged by the fruit we see. "Be not weary in well-doing," must have been an admonition to faithful soldiers who could not see fruit. If success crowned every man who was faithful, to need of that passage in the Bible.

Since I have written the above I have returned to the fight, and, prof-

ting by the past, I march on with one purpose in view—the salvation of the world. I hope these notes will be a blessing to some one. If we could only be of one mind, and rally around the old flag again, what glory, and blessing, and revival we should have. God grant it.

[OUR FAMOUS SONG SERIES.]

Luther's Battle Hymn.

"A safe stronghold our God is still."

The third verse has the ring of THIS GREAT REFORMER'S (early) testimony:—

"Though there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the houses, yet would I enter the city." Papal thunders and lightnings could not scare him. His dauntless confidence was prompted by

FAITH IN GOD:

"Yet still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal."

The hymns of Luther, said Coleridge, did as much for the Reformation as did his translation of the Bible. The children hummed them in the cottage.

Martyrs sang them on the scaffold. After Luther's death, Meinethon heard a little girl sing one of the hymns:—
"Eins feste Burg ist unser Gott."

"Sing on," said the great scholar, "you little know whom you comfort." Amidst eobs and tears, the hymn of Luther's was sung at his grave, and the first line inscribed on his tomb.

It was founded upon the forty-sixth Psalm, in 1529, the year in which the great protest was made from which Protestantism takes its name.

IT'S LOVE!

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord look-
eth for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing—
The treasure our treasures miss
hold.
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold,
By the love that cannot be told.

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy service draw
near:
One consecrate a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear:
Look, Master, the love is here!
—Christina Rossetti.

The devil does love a sermon based upon the delirious.

The man who has never mourned will cry vainly for the Comforter.

When you turn your back upon sin be careful not to look over your shoulder.

The Christian who repudiates denial gives his friends a letter of credit on hell.

It's not what we say we are, but what we really are, that counts as a man thinketh, so is he."

Some people are after leaves and fishes, others are trying to "save men." Jesus can help you to do the latter if you are willing to stop the former.

The man who seeks happiness, and yet refuses obedience to God, is like the man who would build a house, yet refuse to get either plank or timber.

OUR WEEKLY SONG SHEET

IS YOUR HEART CLEAN?

Tune—"Lord, I make a full surrender." B.J. 3.

Oh, the precious blood of Jesus,
Fountain of redeeming love,
Wondrous stream to cleanse and
keep us,
Fit to dwell above.
Tyme of full salvation's story,
Sign of love on Jesu's brow,
Opening up the way to glory,
Blood that cleanses now.

Chorus.

It is cleansing, it is cleansing,
While before the Lamb I bow,
It is cleansing, it is cleansing,
It is cleansing now.

Oh, the precious blood of Jesus,
Sled to purchase harp and crown,
Love's redemptive price to free us,
Life for life laid down.
Sprinkling, purging, cleansing, flow-
ing.
For the world's deliverance given
Oh, that precious blood of Jesus,
Sign and seal of Heaven.

Oh, the precious blood of Jesus,
Holy current, pure and strong,
Sweeping sin's stronghold before it,
Mastering all that's wrong.
Fount of mercy everlasting,
Virtue from the great I Am.
Keeping saints forever casting
Crowns before the Lamb.
—By the late Colonel Pearson.

Tunes—"Stollen," B.J. 25, 3; "Eu-
phony," B.J. 138, 1; "All things
are possible," B.J. 50, 3.

1 I want Thee, Jesus, blessed One,
I love Thee God's most holy Son;
Come to my soul and satisfy,
For Thee alone my heart doth cry.
I look around, and all I see
Makes me the more to long for Thee.

Far into worldliness I've been,
Its brightest charms my eyes have
seen;
I've deeply drunk the cup of sin—
It failed to bring me peace within.
Sweet is the chalice of Thy grace,
I'measured bliss to see Thy face.

Proof of Thy power I feel each day,
Thou art my life, my Truth, my
Way;
My heart's made clean and white by
Thee,
Hence, perfect peace, now comes to
me,
While 'tis my aim and nothing less,
To walk the way of holiness.
—Sec. Wm. Tuck, Newport, I.O.W.

A COURSE OF GO-HEADERS.

Tunes—"Come, shout and sing," or
"The blood of Jesus cleanses white
us now," B.J. 19, 1.

1 List, comrades, now the bugle
sounds,
It calls for men of war,
Who will unite and bravely fight.
Until the fight is o'er,
Though Satan has the sway,
We'll drive him back away,
And trust our Captain, Who goes on
before.

Chorus.

The Cross is the attraction, this we
know;
The Cross is the attraction, this we
know;
We never will give in,
By Calvary's power we'll win,
And to the world God's goodness we
will show.

Now, forward, all ye sons of God,
To live, and fight, and die;
His name now praise and bravely
raise
The blood-stained banner high.
Our armor's shining bright,
We're walking in the light,
God's with us and the victory's draw-
ing nigh.

With shield of faith and trust in God,
The Spirit's sword we wield;
We fear no foe, but forward go,
We drive sin from the field.
Until the fighting's done,
And victory we have won,
By Jesus' grace and power we'll never
yield.
—Capt. W. J. Hillier.

Tune—"This is why I love my Jesus,"
B. J. 101.

1 Would you know why I love Jesus,
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because my blessed Jesus
From my sin has ransom'd me.

Chorus.

This is why I love my Jesus,
This is why I love Him so,
He has pardoned my transgressions,
He has washed me white as snow.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because the Blood of Jesus
Fully saves and cleanses me.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because, amid temptation,
He supports and strengthens me.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because in every conflict
Jesus gives me victory.

SINNER, COME TO THE CROSS.

Tune—"March of the men of Harlech"
B.J. 90.

1 Sinner, hear the Saviour pleading,
"Tis for thee My body's bleeding;
Will you now My voice be heeding?
You I long have sought."
Why in sin will you be crying,
And the Saviour's love denying?
Sinner, turn, why are you dying?
With Christ's blood you're bought.

Chorus.

Come, and never fearing, either scoffs
or cheering,
If the Cross you boldly bear, and now
for Christ be living,
Marching upward, never doubting,
tho' the hosts of sin are shouting.
By God's power the devil routing, we
shall conquer all.

Sweet the joy to know you're living
Pure on earth, your sins forgiven,
And you're on your way to Heaven,
Soon with God to be.
Let us, then, for Christ be daring,
Gladly in His sufferings sharing,
Any persecution bearing,
For He's set us free!

Onward, Army of Salvation!
Let us tell to every nation
Of the glorious alteration
Christ has wrought in us.
Onward, my danger bravely,
Where our noble flag is waving,
Jesus Christ lost souls in saving,
In Him is our trust. —G. R. E.

Tune—"Cleansing for me," B.J. 45, 2.

6 Though you have wandered away
from your God,
Come back again, come back
again!

Still there is cleansing in Christ's pre-
cious blood,
Come back again, come back again!
Oh, come to Jesus while mercy is free:
Lost to His pleadings, "Return unto
Me!"
Plunge in the Fountain, 'tis open for
this,
Come back again, come back again!

Come with your sorrow, and anguish,
and sin,
Come back again, come back again!
He'll not despise you, but now take
you in.

Come back again, come back again!
Though you have fallen, he will put
you right,
And though your past is, your life
may be bright,
Come back to Jesus, He will be your
light.

Come back again, come back again!
Come back to Jesus, whilst yet there
is time,
Come back again, come back again!
Yield to His pleadings, He waits to be
thine!

Come back again, come back again!
Soon will your cry be, "My God, it's
too late!"
Soon you'll be dying, and left to your
fate;
Come while He's calling, and no longer
wait,
Come back again, come back again!

—Sergt.-Major Rogerson, Northwich.

TRADE DEPARTMENT

General Trade Rules:

- I.—Write your name and address distinct and in full.
- II.—Give full particulars about goods desired; for instance, Color, state size or number, state also and quality, etc.
- III.—Send cash with all orders, and postage if value of order is less than one dollar.
- IV.—To Ontario and Quebec we pay postage and expressage on all orders over one dollar, except single Caps and Undersized Items.
- V.—We do not pay expressage on Tollering goods, made up or cut from piece.
- VI.—All Tollering orders should be accompanied by cash in full or part of order, the balance in the latter instance will be collected C. O. D., unless sent by us before goods are shipped.
- VII.—Make all post office orders or cheques payable to Herbert H. Booth.
- VIII.—Prices may vary in the Eastern and Western Provinces, owing to distance.

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